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W. H. WOODCOCK,
Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

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VOL. 1. NO. 13.

VANITY FAIR

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

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Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

SULLIVAN AND HYATT,
Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York.

WHARTON'S CELEBRATED

CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY
J. R. S.

IT IS DISTILLED FROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT, and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxious. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded to the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
No. 16 BOYLSTON STREET.

For Sale to Suit Purchasers.

John R. Surbrug, Sole Agent. No. 81 Cedar Street, New-York.

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Are now electrotyping regularly the following periodicals, viz: Five sets of New-York Ledger; The New-York Mercury; Scientific American; Two sets Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper; Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung; New-York Illustrated News; VANITY FAIR; Together with an immense amount of Engravings and Printers' Jobs. By having the largest facilities in the shape of Electrotype materials, together with thoroughly competent workmen, they can concentrate their force on any given work, and turn out in one day more than any other Electrotype establishment can in a week.

PFAFF'S!
AT PFAFF'S RESTAURANT
AND
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NO. 647 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
YOU WILL FIND
The Best Viands.
The Best Lager Bier.
The Best Coffee and Tea.
The Best Wines and Liquors.
The Best Havana Cigars.
The Best Company
In fine,
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
AT
MODERATE PRICES.

N. B.—You will also find at PFAFF'S VANITY FAIR, THE MEDLEY, "The Saturday Press," and all the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,
OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying O the hair.
Yes, for beautify- H! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BBOADWAY.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 428
BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW,
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 428 Broadway,
Near Canal-street, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

"REFUSES TO BE COMFORTED."

MEDICAL MAN.—Come, come, my dear madam, there is evidently something wrong; make a confidant of me.

BLIGHTED BRIDE.—Well, Doctor, it was always my great ambition (*sob*) to be the wife of a dry-goods (*sob*) merchant, and now I have thrown myself away upon a hardware (*sob*) dealer, and, although the dear fellow is as kind as he can be, (*sob*) and brings me home any quantity of scissors and files and door-knobs and things, yet what are these to the (*sob*) wounded spirit that expected oceans of brocade and point lace. (*sob, sob, sob.*)

"ISLE OF PALMS."

The African correspondence of the New York *Times* informs us that most of the slavers now engaged on the negro coasts obtain their clearance from this port, and that the immense show of water-casks shipped on board of them, is accounted for under the pretext of the "palm oil" trade.

An Alderman of this city informs the public that Mr. Superintendent Pillsbury, during his incumbency as head of the Police Department, received some $7000 in various amounts from sundry individuals. Is this circumstance also to be accounted for under the pretext of the "Palm Oil" trade.

An immediate reply to this query would be desirable, so that, if affirmative, no time may be lost in applying to the Legislature for authority to change the name of the Island of Manhattan to that of "Isle of Palms."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

How's this, Heenan?

An English letter-writer, describing a visit he paid Heenan at his training quarters, and a dinner of which he partook there, says:—

"The meal was soon discussed, and we had a chat about things over the water."

This does not coincide with our notion of the Benicia's hospitality; if he is the Boy we think he is, he and his visitor would have had a chat over the wine.

What could he Expect?

Live Oak George need not be at all surprised at his Albany defeat. What could he expect of a Gridiron Bill, except that it should be Hauled over the Coals?

New Motto for Belligerents.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just right."

The Position of the Zoyara.

"That's neither here nor there."

A SEQUENCE WITH "NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

"YOU'RE another," was the response of Fielding's rustic when Parson Adams mildly informed him that an argumentative deduction he had made was a "non sequitur."

Somewhat in the same style will, very probably, be the answer of one G. C. S. to the remarks we are about to indulge in in regard to the wild and uncontrollable series of papers he is now publishing in the *Home Journal*—that is if these papers (on "Our Public Amusements") contain their author's idea of a logical sequence.

The initials, G. C. S., we should first assure the reader, do not stand for Gyascutus, as he might at first suppose, but for Genio C. Scott, a gentleman mainly remarkable for instigating Fashion plates and for attending to the Shakspeare Department at Laura Keene's Theatre.

In the last of G. C. S.'s articles which we had the pleasure of reading, G. C. S, was kind enough to give us some particulars in the early life of Mr. Dion Bourcicault, the author of VANITY FAIR, the new comedy, and not the journal of that name. "Young Dion," it seems, had left a one act play in Charles Mathews' hands, and was to receive an answer in a week. The following sentence conveys at the same time the distracted state of mind of Young Dion and the distracted state of Grammar of G. C. S.:—

"Those only who have looked upon poverty as the strong demon with whom they may be obliged to grapple—who find *themselves* in a large city, *a comparative stranger*, seeking a career—can realize the feelings of the young gentleman during that week of suspense."

"Those who find themselves a comparative stranger" must be in a very bad way indeed, but his condition are not equalled by those in which "Young Dion" afterwards found themselves. For we learn, further on, that when Bourcicault wrote the comedy "London Assurance,"

"The play was immediately given to the reader, who reported favorably, and a courier was forthwith dispatched to find the author, but this was not so easy a job, for 'poverty makes strange bedfellows.'"

It will be a great pity about people after this, we think, if they are not found when wanted because "poverty makes strange bedfellows." And G. C. S. will have it all to answer for.

What a revolution in reasoning, by the way, would take place if Mr. G. C. S.'s precedent were recognized!

Imagine the Historian, if you can, gravely penning a sentence like this:—

"Julius Cæsar hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon, but suddenly remembering that Washington's birthday occurs on the 22nd of February, he crossed over without further delay."

Or the Mathematician proposing a combination after the manner of the following:—

"If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half, how long will it take a man to walk three times around the Bunker Hill Monument?"

Or the Professional Joke-Maker handing in a conundrum in this style for VANITY FAIR:—

"Why is a Broad-street merchant who dines on roast mutton and tomato sauce at Windust's, every Tuesday and Thursday at half-past two, like the man who struck Billy Patterson?

"Because 'such is life.'"

Or the Politician arguing thus:—

"Bennett advocated Buchanan for the Presidency in February, *therefore* he will advocate him for the Presidency in March."

On reflection, however, this last is too absurd a statement for even G. C. S. to make.

A VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

O THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR :—

It is my misfortune, I will not say my fault, to belong to that despicable class the Counter-jumpers. Nature designed me for better things, I know. The country needs lawyers—I should have been a lawyer, or I should have helped to fill up the rapidly thinning ranks of the medical profession. In the very cradle I gave symptoms of an eloquence which would have done very well in the pulpit. Indeed there was a time when the dawning energies of my life might have been directed into an agricultural channel, and at this moment, instead of simpering at lolling ladies, lavishing love and tender care upon the hair of my face, and presenting a fair target for the arrows of your wit, I might have been illustrating the true nobility of manhood at the pig-sty or over a bed of onions—conferring honor and dignity upon our common humanity by persevering, I may be allowed to say perspiring, efforts in the direction of fodder.

Yet here I am at the age of somewhere about twenty-five, with a soul far above my business, and not seldom inspired to write a piece of poetry or do some other fine chivalric thing, stupidly earning my bread with the sweat of—other people's brows; a convicted defrauder of woman's rights, completely spoiling her destiny, which is to look out for herself and in no wise be dependant upon man! Over the counter, this wretched day, when there is nothing doing, and my fellow jumpers—sad shades of departed manhood—measure the weary length of Tit Bit & Co.'s "palatial emporium," I shed a tear of honest contempt for myself. And yet, before you strike again, hear one feeble cry for mercy! In the name, and for the sake of my most degraded and insufferable class, I ask you to make common cause with us against our natural and implacable foe—the Upas (if I may make use of my before-mentioned poetical turn,) in whose shade we all languish and fall short of our just standard—the CUSTOMER!

Is it not enough that circumstances have placed us in a position only superior to that of the monkey at the menagerie; that we must pace uneasily behind a counter, objects of universal contempt—our life measured by the yard-stick, our ambitions bounded by the hour for shutting-up: that we must weekly submit to the taunts of all our friends and acquaintances who read VANITY FAIR; (I find that all of mine do;) is this, I say, not a sufficiently heavy load of mortification to bear, without having added to it the insults of this inhuman monster—this painted and perfumed embodiment of all coarseness and meanness?

O you are strong and independent! In the pride of your free and happy manhood you have never known that crushing heart-blow which is daily dealt me over the counter, when bright eyes glare a fierce suspicion that I am doing my best to deceive them, but can't do it; when a soft voice insinuates in mocking tones that *that* isn't anybody's yard, or that Mr. Tit sold those very buttons ten cents less a dozen, only the other day! Well may you poke your fun at us, for you have never been called to endure the odious coquetries—the sickly blandishments—the desperate tenderness, of the O-so-clever Bargain-Maker, who leaves her blazing equipage at the door to exert all her wiles to get a skein of sewing-silk or a roll of ribbon a few nickels cheaper than her dearest enemy, Mrs. Screwemdown, got her's; who leans tenderly toward the "poor Counter-jumper," beguiling the measurement of tape, or the telling of buttons with dexterously managed compliments; flashing, now and then, her polished bare arm athwart his vision; parting her lips in most winning smiles; and torturing her countenance into alluring expressions; who, with all her wealth and all her fashion, needs nothing to make her entirely unhappy but a failure to get a deduction from the original price! Well may you hold our service up to the ridicule and contempt of the world, for your spirit has never been wearied, nor your flesh made weak by the fickle desires of that lovely daughter of one of our worthiest citizens who creates a revolution on the counter and in the shelves—whose appearance is the signal for confusion and inward profanity—taking up and tossing down, with impatient fingers, all the articles by which the utmost activity can surround her; or by that select sample of all the feminine disgraces who treats our attempts to satisfy her inexplicable want with petulant shrugs, angry frowns, sudden snatchings,—whom nothing can pacify, and who finally flaunts out of the store with an intimation that she guesses she knows where she can get it!

I ask, should our misfortune be made a crime? Because cruel fate has denied us a place behind the plough, or failed to endow us with those faculties which command respect and admiration in the editorial chair, have we therefore lost all claim to the common civilities of human intercourse? Are we beasts that we should be trampled upon or cunningly cajoled? Are we exempted from all those privileges which the humblest of God's creatures have no need to exact? Is our simpering all natural and sincere? With all our whiskers, is it not possible that we may have a few of the most ordinary sensibilities?

I throw myself and my unfortunate class upon that sense of justice which all the world knows prevails in VANITY FAIR, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JAMES MIT.
(*of Tit, Bit & Co.*)

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A NEW SCOTS PASTORAL.

FAR from that scene of many a woeful war,
Where Fulton crosses turbulent Nassau,
Where, when some chariot overturns their stalls,
Pomona's virgins mourn their loss with squalls;
Where rattling engines 'neath the pavement move,
In sense the rivals of machines above;
Far from those dens where, sworn the mails to cheat,
Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin meet,
Where o'er some foreign journal's hacked remains,
Paste-pot and shears perform the work of brains;
Where 'neath their master's most uncertain eye,
Unhappy toilers stale lampoons supply;
Where, 'neath the influence of that magic squint,
They smear fresh libels on the smallest hint;
From mud familiar and congenial noise,
Jamie retired to taste bucolic joys.
At leisure stretched beneath umbrageous trees,
He snoozed in quiet—scratch'd himself at ease;
And, as some butcher when his toils are o'er,
Slaughters and snores and sniffs a fancied gore;
As some stale punk, shut up in Blackwell's keep,
Dreams of Five Points, and pilfers in her sleep,
So Jamie dreamed, baronial towers below,
Of vicious joys, to wake to virtuous woe.
Or like a cit who opulent has grown
By midnight scourings of the fragrant town,
On many an ancient scent, in memory dwells,
And pines, 'mong roses, for accustomed smells;
And weeps, unheeding the perfumed part,
Th' Arabian gales that hovered 'round his cart;
Our Jamie mourned, as each descending sun,
Saw him to bed, no dirty business done;
So 'midst the blossoms of his blooming seat,
Wept the retirement that still kept him sweet;
Unhappy Corydon! of what avail
To dream of Paris, and attend his kail?
Vainly with honest Scotch he feeds his nose;
Vainly he sniffs the strongest Athol rose;
Vainly for him neat Phyllis boils or bakes
The woolly sheep's-head or the oaten cakes.
So when great Edwin with accustomed din,
(As Black outside as Jamie is within,
Othello plays, the galleries hear him mourn—
And wish 'twas true—his occupation gone.

"Better than this," cries Jeems, "the poignant pain
My shoulders felt, when fell the uplifted cane;
Better than this that nameless moistening salute;
The doubled fist, the high, uplifted foot;
Better the thrusts of every honest pen,
The fear of woman and the scorn of men;
Better the general town's indignant hiss

Or still contempt, than such a fate as this."
He spake; and summoning to his ancient side,
The bairn he loved, his own and Plumgut's pride,
He sang his sorrows, and the bairn replied.

OLD JAMIE.

Ye ken, my wean, in days of auld lang syne,
Before these biggins and this gear were mine,
My siller sma', I aften felt afraid
To buy the ointment that my pangs allay'd.
Poortith the bogle dogg'd me lang and sair;
Bannoks I'd nane—of bawbees had nae mair;
Awsome my fate! but when I'd tarried lang,
Luck cam' at last and cam' too wi' a bang.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Go on, *mon père*, and to your bairn relate
What Plumgut saved you from a pauper's fate.

OLD JAMIE.

Gie me your lug, and hear the lave, my boy!
Ablins ye've heard or read of bauld Rob Roy;
How he agreed, if Loulands paid him weel,
Nae fauld to scatter and nae kye to steal.
He took their gowd and spar'd them, head and tail;
The gowd he took was aften ca'd Black Mail.
Sae when I chanc'd to ken some ruefu' gent
Had done the deed he wad na hae in prent,
I gard him bring me meikle cash ye see;
And gif he brought enow, he went Scot free.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Go on, my sire! But say, 'twixt you and I,
Suppose he paid not?

OLD JAMIE.

Paid na! I let fly!
Gif he had freends, I made them a' turn cauld;
Gif he had faes, I made them muckle bauld;
Had he a wife, and wad na hae his shame
Break her saft heart, I broke it a' the same.
Sae when he, cannier, tried his luck ance mair,
He took enow, and Jamie had his share.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Your wisdom strikes with awe a simple tar;
Go on, I pray you, my sagacious pa!

OLD JAMIE.

Hout tout, mon! wad ye ken my various wiles?
Can ye na read? Gae read my noble files!
Read how wi' mony a neat, satiric slap
I squibb'd my Maker—then auld Elder Knapp;
How I display'd, in hideous black and white,
For fules to girn at, God's baptismal rite;
And ev'ry morning brawlier blasphem'd
The things that daft auld leddies holy deem'd!
Read how, when brothels made unusual noise,
And wanton lassies jig'd wi' wanton boys,
I tauld the story—decency defied,
While church and brothel figur'd side by side.
The blow that laid puir Ellen Jewett dead
Gave me a boost, and so I went ahead!
Wad ye ken mair?

YOUNG JAMIE.

The rest, my father, tell!

OLD JAMIE.

I put your mither, bairn, in prent as well,
To a' the mob her mony virtues told;
Folk star'd astonish'd—but the papers sold.
When you, a wee thing, in this warld were born,
Ye can na think how sales went up the morn;
Fondly I wrote with, a' a daddy's pride,
Call'd you *Le Jeune* and *Editeur* beside;
Sae ye were famous from your earliest day.

YOUNG JAMIE.

Such kindness, sire, O how can I repay?

OLD JAMIE.

Wad ye repay me, O beloved son!
Keep up the breed, and do as I hae done.
When I'm nae mair, tho' on thy sounding back
The cudgels cruel fall wi' mony a thwack;
Tho' wi' a scorn too deep for wards or blows,
Indignant fingers seek that comely nose:
Bear, as I've borne, a still unshrinking part;
Kicks are not kicks, when coppers heal the smart.
Prove to the world, against the general mind,
That moral monsters can repeat their kind.

YOUNG JAMIE.

I hear you, sire, but lest these evening airs
Should chill your aged frame, we'll go to prayers.

[*They enter the castle.*]

THE LATE COLD SNAP.

The country papers come laden with statements and observations on the cold snap of this week past, but we will venture to say that in no part of the country has it been taken so severely as just in the neighborhood of our office. For the benefit of future times, that the oldest inhabitants of a century to come may speak by the card, we have made the following notes for the week;

Monday.—Thermometer 172 degrees below zero; six ballet dancers became rigid on the third *pas*, remaining in the position in which they were first struck.

Tuesday.—Thermometer still falling; clouds freeze and drop off in chunks, endangering the lives of pedestrians. Air becomes so rarified that ordinary conversations are held between New York and Albany.

Wednesday.—Officials at the City Hall have their fingers frozen in their *own* pockets, this being the most remarkable phenomenon of the whole week.

Thursday.—The Editor of the Herald refrigerates his sympathies, which heretofore have been too warm. The atmosphere becomes sufficiently solid to be opaque. Thermometer still falling.

Friday.—Illustrated papers froze solid, no issue. Laus Deo! first instance of solidity. The moon is cold and the stars have an icy look. Thermometer still falling.

Saturday.—Sunbeams freeze in fifteen minutes. Hot whiskey toddies fall down the throat one solid lump of ice! Fire petrifies! The writer congeals! The thermometer has fallen!

A BIG THING."

CHARLES.—An astonishing coat you've got on, Fred.

FRED.—Yes, I fancy it is rather gay, and quite the Limburger, too; had my Raglan stolen last night, so I borrowed my sister Clara's what d'ye call it?

THE POLICE ON A NEW LINE.

The neighborhood of Chatham-street was startled a few days since by the announcement that De Lave, the rope-walker, would become peripatetic upon a cord stretched from the National Theatre to a house opposite. The Gallic hero had scarcely entered upon his stage of action, when those tyrants of celebrity and crushers of genius, the Police, made their appearance on the scene, and demanded the cessation of the instructive spectacle. Is it to be wondered at that the Gaul refused? He was upholding the honor of his native land, à la Blondin. His foot was on his native rope, his name was, etc. Capt. Seaman, of the 4th Precinct, and a posse of men were in attendance. The rope walker must be captured. Ha! Ha! Who would beard the lion in his den? Ha! Ha! again. The expectant thousands gaping stand. The balance pole is in his hand. The Gallic champion stands on high, and waves his pole toward the sky, while Seaman swears to do or die. Ha! Ha! once more.

One moment for breath.

But hark! a cry; the hero hears; the Captain's cry for volunteers, "Who is there here of warriors dight, can walk yon swinging, dizzy height, and bring the churl to me?" Then spake six roundsmen stern and bold, "Brave Captain we cannot be sold, for any scurvy Frenchman's gold. This recreant Gaul shall never dare to breathe defiance on the air, we'll drag him from his cloud-capped lair."

Another pause. Ha! Ha!

Along the eaves the roundsmen glide, three warriors they on either side, to circumwent De Lave. With noiseless step they strode along; they tried the rope and found it strong; then with victorious scheming flush, they went it with a mighty rush. Ha! Ha!

Now for it.

The Gaul while revelling in the dance, can see his grim-faced foes advance, and watch their eager, grabbing glance. In well-poised attitude he stands, till almost touched by outstretched hands; then with a spring he flew to air, and left six wretched roundsmen there, with shivering limbs and standing hair. Ha! Ha!

Some days have passed since this occurred, and of the Gaul no single word has by a mortal soul been heard. Some say, that by his standing game, he saved his country's name and fame; he leaped and landed safe from harms, in great Napoleon's sheltering arms, and knows no longer war's alarms.

Positive fact!

The six policemen, not one less, when this brief statement went to press, still stood in high and dire distress. In short no way has yet been found to turn these roundsmen six, around. The lures have all been tried in vain. Twelve fancy gents, with might and main, have kicked up rows and dared them down, while well-known prigs from white to brown have just stood down on the pavement, and enticed them to do a bit of catching; all to no purpose. It is generally supposed by the most intelligent of our fellow citizens, that they will have to remain there until De Lave comes back to relieve them.

Ha! Ha! H—a—a!

Our Spiritual Correspondence.

A PROTEST FROM HAYDN.

EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR:—*Dear Sir*,—Allow me to call your attention to the language of an ignorant person writing editorially in the *N. Y. Times* for March 9th. He is speaking of the performances of a mob in London:—

"Parties of enthusiasts enter the church when divine service is about to commence, and, accompanying the opening voluntary on the organ with grand chorusses of their own, convey a far more lively notion of the music of "animated nature," than HANDEL'S imitative passages in the oratorio of the "Creation."

Now then. G. F. Handel was a good musician, and was probably equal to the composition of the oratorio called the 'Creation"; but he did n't do it. It was done by another fellow. That fellow was me.

HAYDN.

OLD SPITEFUL!

The *Herald*, having failed in its attempt to crush us, loses no opportunity to exhibit a terrible spitefulness. When we announced, last week, with a somewhat unusually gorgeous flourish of trumpets, that the entire establishment of VANITY FAIR would attend the nominating conventions at Charleston and Chicago, simultaneously, and that all our arrangements were completed at an enormous expense for steamers, railroads, etc., the *Herald* immediately pitched in, to thwart our plans. As nothing could keep us from making the trips, save the absence of the conventions from the cities mentioned, the *Herald* cunningly comes out with this advice:

"New-York, which everybody wants to see, is the place at which the Convention ought to be held—the most central and the most easy of access; and no matter what numbers may come, there will be plenty of accommodation for all without extra charge. . . . . By all means, let the Convention meet in New-York."

But it shall *not* meet in New York. We will not permit our plans to be annulled in this manner, nor do we see any good reason for the change of location. The *Herald* says that Charleston cannot accommodate more than five thousand people, but what of that? The politicians who will go there, are nearly all accustomed to sleeping in the streets and going hungry, so they cannot mind it much, and as there will hardly be more than one or two thousand decent folks the accommodations will be ample. By all means, let the Convention meet in Charleston.

Preposterous!

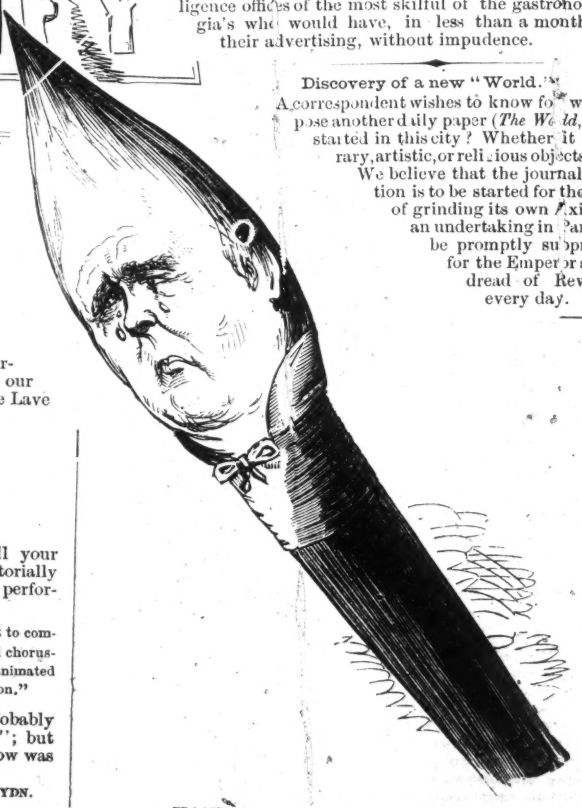
From the New York *Herald* we cut this advertisement, which we only republish for the purpose of showing how utterly lost to all the proprieties of life are those who keep boarding-houses.

WANTED—A GOOD BOARDING-HOUSE COOK; MUST COME WELL RECOMmended from her last place, be very obliging, and no impudence. Call at 20 —— street.

It further shows how forgiving are the race of Bridgets, or we make not the slightest doubt that the least revenge taken in the case would have been the detailing from the intelligence offices of the most skilful of the gastronomic Borgia's who would have, in less than a month settled their advertising, without impudence.

Discovery of a new "World."

A correspondent wishes to know for what purpose another daily paper (*The World*,) is to be started in this city? Whether it has literary, artistic, or religious objects in view? We believe that the journal in question is to be started for the purpose of grinding its own Axis. Such an undertaking in Paris would be promptly suppressed,—for the Emperor stands in dread of Revolutions every day.



HAVING A BRUSH AT HIM.

YOUNG MAN IN THE GODENSKI.—Y-e-e-s, hair is very well in its way, but then she positively *adores* moustaches.

THE COQUETTE OF THE HERALD.

Our worthy friend, Bennett, is very fickle in his attachments. Every few days he takes to his Caledonian bosom some new aspirant for the Presidential chair. The bones of those whom he has dropped from his embrace whiten the sandy deserts of the *Herald*. Dear old J. B. was the first one whose affections were thus trifled with. Don't we all remember how he was cuddled in the *Herald* of Feb. 2nd? Of course we do, but then the man who wrote the article seems to have forgotten it. Let us remind him :—

"The man for Charleston is Mr. Buchanan. His administration has been so firmly and wisely conducted as to win the applause of the whole country. The conservative Union men of the great Central States will demand a man whose election will allay the foolish slavery agitation, restore confidence between the North and the South, insure the permanence of our institutions, and promote the material prosperity of the republic. Mr. Buchanan is the man. He will call out the full strength of his own party and the independent reserve vote. Mr. Buchanan then, should receive the Charleston nomination by all means."

And now, overlooking the incomprehensible construction of the sentence, hearken to the encouragement he gives, in his issue for March 14th, to an entirely new suitor :

"The best man for the Charleston nomination, and the best to run, is General Lane, who, having been born in the South, would be acceptable to its people, and having settled in Indiana, and finally made Oregon his home, which sent him as a Senator to Congress, he thus became favorably known to the people of the West, where he outstrips in popularity all competitors."

Inconstancy, thy name is Bennett!

Bad for Virgil.

The *Times* man is continually astounding VANITY FAIR by his prodigious knowledge. In grammar or classics or geography—from Murray to Mincio—he is always superb. His latest performance has been in the columns of the 16th inst., where he appears clad in a complete suit of Virgilian metaphor. His article on "Virginian Vengeance" commences with this powerful sentence. "When Mr. Wise resigned the gubernatorial seat of Virginia to his successor, we hoped that the political Jack Ketch of the Old Dominion might be about to retire from office with her pyrotechnic Palinurus."

What in the name of Ulysses had that unhappy pilot Palinurus to do with fire-works? We know that he fell overboard and was drowned, but that fate scarcely entitles him to be called pyrotechnic. Does the *Times* scholar mean that because he was a pilot of Ulysses' vessel, he must naturally run to Rock it?

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Last Friday, (which, if our readers will take the trouble to think about it, was the 16th of March,) Our 'Bout Town Reporter brought in an account in the vicinity of a mile and a half in length, of the Celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and of the dinner given by the Friendly Sons of the aforesaid at the Metropolitan. If Our Reporter thinks we are going to publish this he is very much mistaken. We haven't the remotest idea of getting out a Supplement on his account, nor do we think very seriously of writing him a cheque for $325 00, which, at our magnificent rates of payment, would be the price of his article. We have relented so far, however, as to print a part of his Report.—EDS.

[FIRST EXTRACT.]

The cloth being removed the President proposed the regular toasts of the evening, as follows :—

I.

"The Invintor of the Day we cilibrate."

MUSIC. *Air*:—"St. Patrick was a gentleman."

II.

"The Shamrock Queen—Victoria. On the stim of ould Inglind there grows, like laves on a shamrock, the sister countries, ould Ireland, ould Scotland and ould Wales."

MUSIC. *Air*:—"Three blind mice"

III.

"The presidin' Genius of these United States—J. B."

MUSIC. *Air*:—"Turn about, fling about and jump Jim Crow."

And so on to LXVI.

o o o o o o o

Immense applause greeted each toast. At the conclusion there were loud calls for Doctors Keel, Kale, Ca-ill and Ca-hill, whereupon the last gentleman arose and spoke substantially as follows : Ladies and Gentlemen—To-day is Saint Patrick's, Day, I'm sure. Or rather there is a good deal of doubt as to whether it is or it isn't. Some say it is and there is more say it isn't. If you'll read the Saint's autobiography you'll very likely conclude that it is, but then if you read it a second time more attentively you'll be mighty apt to believe that it isn't. History seems to favor both parties equally, especially one; probably out of love for the row the question begets. o o o o o o o o o

I am happy in meeting so many friends here to-night, as there is something preying on my mind I would like to be rid of. It is this : There's one of these hebdomadal weekly Punches in this city which takes upon itself to twist wrong meanings out of sundry private letters sent by me to the Dublin newspapers at home. This is a dangerous paper. It is an inimical friend to liberty of speech. A man can't inform his acquaintance that he is "very well, I thank you!" but he is at once jerked up by the young juvenile scribblers who edit it and paraded, like a military company, from one end of the country to the other at his own expense. This is deserving of censure. Is it for this that I crossed the dark, blue, deep, briny waters of the Atlantic, etc.

[SECOND EXTRACT.]

Loud calls were now uttered for Bennett Then Bennett, of Bennett's *Herald*:—He regretted that he was not an Irishman. He was a proud man, but would have been prouder still could he have been born on that Green Turf—in the Gem of the Sea. He could not account for the fact of his not being a Hibernian, unless that he was wanted for another country. His father, like Norval's, "fed his flocks on the Grampian Hills—a frugal swain." He himself had, for years past, fed his pockets on the Washington Heights—a peaceful swain. He fully agreed with Dr. C. in his sharp allusions to the SCORPION of the New-York Press. In conclusion he begged to state that he had that day found another "Man For Charleston." The editor of the *Freeman's Journal* wished to know whether the latter was not also "The Man For Galway?"

[*Laughter, at which the Editor blushed.*]

Here our good nature gave out.—EDS.

Motto for the Expelled Free Negroes of the South.

"Westward Hoe!"

EFFECTS OF THE PUGILISTIC MANIA.

YOUNG LADY (*indignantly*).—How's this, Mr. Bodgers? I don't get my *Clipper* regularly.

That Gridiron Bill.

This bill, so happily defeated last week, is a splendid specimen the legislative absurdities that the Spoilers of Albany attempt—with only too frequent success—to cram down the Metropolitan throat. The city railroad car is a nuisance only second to the everlasting omnibus, and New York will never be decently navigable until the Hansom cab becomes an institution here. We are thoroughly glad that this network railroad scheme was a failure, and we wonder that George Law, of all other men, had the assurance to propose it. What can he want of a Gridiron, when it is well known that the *Herald* Cooked his Goose for him, long ago?

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

BLODGER'S BAR-PARLOR,
Exeter Hall, London, 1 *March*, 1860.

With all the means of information undoubtedly possessed by hem as to the great question of the day—the Fight—your sporting apers have strangely let slip some capital anecdotes connected with the interesting men who may be characterized as the hooks upon which the eyes of their respective countries are at present fastened. need hardly say that I allude to the bold Benicia Boy and the alwart Sayers. Let me devote a few lines to the subject.

Dropping in at Vicious Fosberry's the other night, I found a disnguished party there assembled, including L—d P—m—rst—n nd the B—sh—p of L—nd—n, the occasion being that of a visit om the Benicia Boy, on the sly from his training grounds, to taste e invigorating XXX for which the sporting rendezvous in ques-on is so justly renowned. Grantley Berkeley was there too. at celebrated Nimrod—who, for his exploits among the bison-erds of the far West, has been elevated to the dignity of a chief among the Caribboo Indians, by a *soubriquet* which being translated means, "The Cowcatcher"—made some sportive remarks in the ourse of the evening, in which he alluded to the Boy as the "Young merican Ajax." At this expression, old Lank Flannikin, a vet-an bruiser, notorious for his truculent disposition and knotty uckles, fired up. Lank has a grudge against Sayers, and wants t e Boy to whip him, guided by which principle, he expressed a flor-ly constructed wish that he might be blown and otherwise uncom-rtably disposed of, if he'd sit by, like a muff and hear any friend of is called a "Young American Jackass." This might have led to serious results but for the timely interposition of Caddy Ossmonger, who explained that the party alluded to was Hayjacks, a son-in-law of the lamented Butcher of Bethnal Green. Confidence was restored by this explanation, backed by a humorous speech from the Boy, in which he introduced a quotation from Horace with great effect. By-the-bye, have you not a sporting journal in your city called the *St. Leger*?—edited, I think, by one Bonheur, or some such name, a great trotting-horse man? *On dit*, here, that the Benicia Boy, if victorious, is to be engaged as a contributor to that paper at a fabulous rate of compensation.

Rumor intimates that Sayers' mind is much affected by the circumstance of his never having yet succeeded in obtaining an interview with his antagonist. It is a curious fact that pugilists, when "out of sorts," spread their melancholy to dry on art, and become painters. Thus with Jem Ward, whose landscapes have long been the theme of connoisseurs—his mental obliquity being suggested only by his azure skies, which are firmly painted in with emerald green, and his red cows, which are produced by glazings of cobalt over indigo. And so with Sayers, whose mind has become so impressed with one idea that he has lately embodied on canvas his impression of what the Boy must be—a veritable *enfant terrible*, of supernatural proportions, armed to the neck with knife and revolver. This gem belongs to Sir Culling Eardley, who declared, in his place in the House, that he would not have it copied for a "wilderness of monkeys." Sir Culling is a sharp man, but your countryman who filched the enclosed photograph is a sharper—for he disguised himself as a locksmith, and got his Negative in spite of the Baro-net's positive.

BIRD'S EYE.

THE BENICIA BOY, AS HE APPEARED TO THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN A VISION.

The Natural Effect of the Gridiron Bill.

A great many small Broils at Albany.

DISHED.

LIVE-OAK GEORGE:—Hang it all! that confounded Weed has gone and broke my Gridiron!

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Gossip.

N offensive creeping thing that is encountered in society of all qualities, rearing its wrinkled front at tea-tables and attaining a terrible degree of strength and ferocity at large boarding-houses.

The Gossip is chiefly valued by naturalists for the great length of its tongue and the sharpness of its sight. By the latter it is enabled to detect its prey afar off, and clearly to distinguish objects through the smallest apertures, such as key-holes. Perhaps it is the spectacles the Gossip nearly always wears that cause it to magnify everything it sees. Horrible distortions of facts are quite in its way. Its sense of hearing is almost as acute. A word whispered, perhaps in the sacred confidence of friendship, is instantly caught by the Gossip and exaggerated into a whole volume—not of sound simply, but of meaning as well.

Reputations are its favorite food. These, however fair and beautiful, it loves to mangle and mutilate. It, moreover, has an insatiable maw for well-broken youthful attachments, and darts its poisonous fangs into the opening buds of affection and sympathy.

The mode of attack adopted by the Gossip is as cowardly as it is cruel. Often while seemingly most playful and affectionate it is inflicting fatal injury upon the unconscious victim.

The Gossip reaches a great age, but is true to the instincts of its deceitful and hateful nature to the last, although its cunning is such that in most cases it manages to elude pursuit.

IMPORTANT PUBLICATION EXPECTED.

A work of great value and interest to the business as well as to the literary world will probably soon be issued from the office of the *Home Journal*. Its title, we believe, has not yet been decided upon, but will undoubtedly be "The Complete Puff-Writer;" or "Puffing Considered as One of the Fine Arts;" or "The Æsthetics of Advertising;" or something of equal import. It will be made up of selections from the numerous ingenious achievements of Mr. N. P. Willis in the elegant art of concealed puffery. The original plan, which was to have embodied in one volume all that this gentleman has accomplished in the same line, was set aside, on account of the enormous amount of material on hand. Great care will, however, be taken to secure the most admirable specimens. It is expected that they will be divided into appropriate sections, under significant headings, as:—"The Moral Puff," "The Puff with Humor," "The Medical Puff," "Puffs for the Pure in Heart," "Puff on the Understanding," &c., &c. A chapter levoted to "The Modest Puff" was contemplated, but was necessarily abandoned, the author never having produced anything of that order. Those puffs which are looked upon as the most effective and profitable, will be designated by some special mark of recognition. We give a specimen of one of these, from a recent number of the *Home Journal*. Its elaborate artifice can be discovered only by minute examination. The article advertised is the Bronchial Troche, a subject not easy for poetic or dramatic treatment. But Mr. Willis's fecund imagination overcomes all such difficulties. Here we have a paragraph of passing rhetorical sweetness, a moderately jocose phrase deftly infused, and a carefully wrought allusion to a much lamented man of letters, which gives tone to the entire production. Mr. Willis relates a circumstance of one of his visits to Washington Irving:—

"The honored invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviate I had lately chanced upon myself for a similar trouble—asking accidentally for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for three notes in the gamut. I contrived to call to memory the Ossawatamytic inscription on the box, ('Brown's Bronchial Troches,') and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his nieces, (explaining aside, 'this is my doctor,') to remember the name of the medicine."

This may be considered as perfect in its way. It combines with subtle skill every element of success. It as far surpasses the Russia Salve and Granville Stokes styles of advertising, clever as they are, as the refined operations of the educated professor of legerdemain surpass the vulgar tricks of the vagrant bar-room magician. The work, when it appears, will be received with the applause that always waits on successful ingenuity and profitable sharp-practice.

Advertisement.

The public is respectfully informed that a great change having been experienced by the proprietors of *Punch*, it is their intention to publish that paper, in the future, on a new, and, it is believed, a better plan.

They cannot view, with indifference the serious turn the world is taking, and deeply regretting that the columns of *Punch* should have hitherto been lent only to the diffusion of profane and unseemly hilarity, they are determined that hereafter they shall be entirely free from all entertainment.

They pledge themselves to spare no reasonable expense or endurable pains to give the paper a tone which will commend it to sober and discreet persons.

All light and frivolous matter will be rigorously excluded, and the great questions of the day well be treated with becoming gravity. Constant scrutiny will be exercised over the style as well as the subject of its contents, and indications of gaiety will be instantly checked, while it is hoped, by industry and perseverance, to approach nearer the high standard of the religious press.

To this end, the proprietors have felt it to be their duty to dispense with the services of those reckless and abandoned writers, whose shocking flippancy and heartless disregard of the solemn interests of society have made the very name of *Punch* a reproach. While they entertain no hostile sentiment to these vain wits and empty jesters, they cannot but express a hope that they may speedily be brought to a realizing sense of the weighty obligations resting upon them at thi crisis in the world's history. It affords them genuine pleasure to announce, in this connection, that they have already engaged a corps of the heaviest contributors, who, although not so distinguished for earnest devotion as the

REV. C. H. SPURGEON!

or the

REV. DR. CUMMINGS!

have led lives blameless and correct in all particulars, and can, with safety, challenge competition on the point of seriousness. The public is assured that none of them has ever been guilty of a pun, a fling, or any other breach of decorum, and that all are incapable of a play upon words, or any other worldly expedient for creating a laugh. As metaphysicians, statisticians, and moral philosophers, they need only to be known to be appreciated.

Particular attention will be given to the religious and scientific movements of the day, in treating which, (as well as all important questions in social ethics, etc.,) care will be taken to employ no terms but those of kindly interest and deep concern for the welfare of the whole human race.

Although to effect this radical reformation, time and patience will be required, the proprietors may point to the latest numbers of *Punch*, as guarantees of the future course of the paper. By a skilful employment of the means at their disposal, they are encouraged to believe that their paper will eventually arrive at that degree of excellence, where it will cease to provoke the faintest smile. They ask the support of all serious-minded persons.

"Sylvan" Wit.

A Peoria critic thinks Mr. Hawthorne's "Faun" should be reviewed Satyrically. We suggest the present clerk of the House as the reviewer.

Query for Dramatic Authors.

Can a man's Plays be considered as his Works?

Why is the Well of Jacob like a Dutchman's Brewery?
Because He Brews drink there.

HERE AND THERE.

NY one who will, may mourn for the circus. With me the impressions left by the lovely and accomplished epicene Zoyara are for ever obliterated. Hanlon Frères are distanced. John Mitchell has returned to the bosom of our country. We had thought that political acrobat far away on the banks of the Seine, lunching with Napoleon, and instructing him in the weak points of Britain's coast defences, when lo! he turns up at the Cooper Institute, with a lecture on the French Emperor, which effort is distinguished by the usual amiable characteristics of the great Runaway. According to John, Napoleon the third has been born into this world expressly for the purpose of invading England and decapitating the British lion. This view of things seems to have been highly relished by the intelligent and cultivated audience that listened to the urbane lecturer. The applause fell thick whenever the fatal destiny of the unhappy Bull was alluded to. "A Napoleon on the throne of France," says J. M., "did bode ill to the present aristocracy and crown of England, (applause.") "England and France would soon be at war—(cheers)—both of them felt it (cries of 'good' and renewed cheering.) How good this must have made all the Celtic patriots feel! "Ha!" cries Captain O'Mulligan, who keeps the grog-shop in Cedar-street, and wears a wonderful green uniform on festival days, "Ha! Now it's coming, you haughty English tyrant say your prayers, for your hour has arrived. John Mitchell has doomed you. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" and the gallant Captain goes back to his groggery, and distributes his three cent poison as usual.

But J. M., not content with foreseeing the Gallic avalanche that is to sweep over the British Isles, hints darkly and awfully at the terrific chastisement that awaits perfidious Albion at the hands of his wronged countrymen. Hear him: "There are 500,000 tall men in Ireland, and I believe that whether under the green flag or the tri-color, they would not much care which, they would ask no better holiday than a fair field, on a fine day, with the whole British army within point blank range," (enormous cheering).

Passing over the little circumstance, that in 1848, when J. M. was transported, the 500,000 tall men did not exhibit that anxiety for combat that they doubtless possess at this moment, I feel sorry that the able lecturer did not enter more fully into the details of the irrepressible conflict that is evidently at hand. Not wishing the public to be disappointed, I have obtained, with some trouble, the entire plan of the coming movement, and embody it in the following

PROGRAMME:

On a given day—weather permitting—500,000 Irishmen, armed to the teeth with shillelagh and reaping-hooks, will meet the entire British army on the Curragh of Kildare, H. R. H., the Duke of Cambridge having kindly recalled the troops at all the foreign and colonial stations, in order to meet the views of the Irish generals. The Irish army will be commanded by Smith O'Brien. John Mitchell will have charge of the left wing, and Thomas Francis Meagher of the right. Lunch having been served at one o'clock, P. M., at two precisely the order to advance will be given to both armies. The Life Guards will charge, and the Royal Artillery will sweep the field with grape. But nothing will be able to resist the impetuosity of the brave Irish, and at 4 o'clock, P. M., the English army will be put to flight. On this occasion, at half past four, the Duke of Canbridge will exclaim, "all is lost but my honor," after which he will be slain in a hand to hand combat with Mitchell. The Irish army will proceed forthwith to Dublin, where, on the hill of Tara, Smith O'Brien will be crowned monarch of Ireland. The celebrated harp of this locality will be hired expressly for this occasion. Poteen will then be served to the entire nation. King O'Brien's first act will be to create John Mitchell, Prince of Parole, and Duke of Van Diemen's Land. The Prince will also be Prime Minister. On receiving his appointment, he will at once despatch a Cunard steamer to London for Queen Victoria, and in a week from that date, the unhappy lady will make her entry into Dublin in chains. She will be condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Island of Dalkey. Prince Albert will be drowned in a butt of Hockheimer, and the cask forwarded without delay to the Duchess of Schleswig Holstein. Lord Palmerston, after having evaded pursuit for weeks, will at length be captured in Fingal's cave, and torn to pieces by wild horses in the courtyard of Dublin Castle. All the estates of the Irish gentry will be confiscated by King O'Brien, and divided among the leaders of the Young Ireland party, and as soon as order is restored, the persecuted 500,000 tall men will return to their native cabins, and dig potatoes, *da capo*. Won't this suit you, J. M.?

A appalling sign has made its appearance lately in Park Row. This consists of a large sign-board on which is inscribed the annexed terrifying sentence—COURT OF DEATH. We have, it is true, been accustomed to all kinds of courts in or about this neighborhood—courts of corruption, courts of Common Pleas, which non-suited litigants may call courts of never please; Marine courts—which are very shy indeed—Police courts, which, on account of the Muffs that preside there, might be called, suggestively Pelisse courts; but we were quite unprepared for any such mortuary institution as a Court of Death. How is it managed I wonder? Do Minos and Rhadamanthus preside in turns? Do they employ a skeleton to serve the summonses, and are the writs headed "The People of Hades *ag* John Smith, deceased? What do the witnesses testify on? A skull I suppose. Do they issue Habeas Corpuses, or Habeas Corpses from this court? Is every non-suited litigant confined in the Tombs? I pause for a reply. To my astonishment our office-boy replies to the effect thas the Court of Death is only a picture. I go the picture, and find it to be a harmless combination of pigments representing a series of interesting persons more or less occupied in endeavoring to look wretched. These persons are Allegorical, and consequently incomprehensible. We have such pleasant people as Delirium Tremens, Pestilence and Suicide. This latter gentleman the publisher kindly explains, "sinks beneath the poignard he is drawing from his own heart," though why he should be represented as drawing the weapon out, instead of plunging it in, I cannot very well understand, unless his normal condition was to have a dagger in his heart, and that self-destruction was the result of pulling it out. This Court of Death is, I am further told by the publisher, "a solemn and cheering lesson." Cheering indeed, with such company as "flushed Fever," "bloated Apoplexy," "Dropsy, with pale and swollen face," &c., &c. The great point, however, insisted on in the publisher's manifesto is that there is no skeleton in the picture. Considering the singularly bad drawing of the figures, a little anatomy I think would not have been out of place.

Signed,

—o—

Scientific Muddle.

The Smithsonian Institute has discovered, after an investigation conducted on "the broad principles of science," that, in games of chance, the longer one plays the more he must surely lose, provided the game is "on the square." Very good! But it strikes us—a benighted outsider—that some other player must win the losings of that Smithsonian victim, (unless, indeed, he play against himself, as the Irishman did, "to kape his hand in,") and, the more obstinately bent on playing the Smithsonian is, the more of his cash will pass, "on the broad principles of science," into the pockets of his antagonists. Now we should like to hear this theory of the Institute explained, on the before-mentioned "principles," with regard to the recipients of the Smithsonian's cash. How does their rule work both ways?"

—o—

Motto for a Gymnast.

Suffer, and be strong!

—o—

When a comet is around don't the stars run aster risks?

LETTER FROM MISS VENUS.

O THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR :—

Dear Sir :—Having caught your admiring gaze, the other night, and therefore feeling that you take an interest in me, I am the more encouraged to carry out the design I have lately proposed to myself, of dropping you a line, on a subject of infinite concern not only to me but to the Universe in general.

At my age, one can afford to disregard the sneers of the prudish; more especially when she feels that her motives and actions will shine all the brighter for a careful scrutiny. The circle in which I move is so extensive that the slightest giddiness could be excused only on the plea of eccentricity.

I have been around a good deal, in my time; I made a figure—other than my customary ellipse—long before you were born. Why I should say it, however, I know not; certainly this is no time for trifling, or idle boasting—when perhaps I am on the verge of annihilation, in company with the other orbs that are visible from your planet. They are all equally aware of the danger; and there can be no harm in confessing that it was their suggestion which first put me upon the motion of addressing you; judging that the one who apparently is richest in friends, in the quarter whence the menace has issued, would be the most suitable medium of communication on this subject of it.

Not to weary you with preliminaries—with which, I confess, the letters of my sex are too often burthened—I will announce that our enemy is a woman—a Jewess—whose ancestors, it is well known, entertained none but the kindest feelings towards us. "Why," says Astaroth to me, "in Job's time they called us by name; and we've never done the least thing to offend them!" Perhaps the twinkling, winking, etc., to which many stars are addicted, has been construed by this formidable person—who, by the way, is called "Captain Ada Isaacs Menken Heenan"—into a piece of persistent impertinence; certainly I can think of no other possible offense, real or imaginary. I am told her husband has acquired much renown as a pugilist; and as her own title suggests anything but tameness, I own I tremble at the language she has lately seen fit to employ. There has been considerable fluttering among the smaller luminaries because of it. I will quote a few passages :—*

"Oh, how long will my poor thoughts lament their narrow faculty? When will the rein be loosed from my impatient soul?

Ah! then will I climb the blue clouds, and dash down to dust those jeweled stars, whose silent light wafts a mocking laugh to the poor musician, who sitteth before the muffled organ of my great hopes. With a hand of fire he toucheth the golden keys. All breathless and rapt I list for an answer to his sweet meaning; but the glittering keys give back only a faint, hollow sound—the echo of a sigh.

Cruel stars! to mock me with your laughing light.

Oh, see ye not the purple life-blood ebbing from my side?

But ye heed it not—and I scorn ye all!

Now I hope you will believe me when I assure you there is no prejudice entertained, in this region, against poor musicians, unless indeed they are *very* poor; in which case—making tolerable harmony ourselves—I confess it is difficult to restrain our merriment. Thus, we have repeatedly been diverted with the performances of the band attached to the Museum of Mr. Barnum. But I solemnly declare that neither the hot-headed organist nor the golden-keyed instrument, mentioned by the Captain, has been noticed here—the latter having been muffled to that degree that it has arrested no one's attention. I may say the same in respect to the purple life-blood,—the flowing of which ought certainly to be rather an agreeable spectacle to such of us as remember what we are promised.

This thrust is not so terrible by itself, considering that, in the general confusion of the dashing-down, some of us might hope to escape; but when you come to the following language, you will perceive we are to have rather a severe time of it unless something is speedily done to restrain the Captain :—

"Foolish stars! ye forget that this strong soul will one day be loosed.

I will have ye in my power yet. I'll meet ye on the grand door of old eternity!

Ah, then ye will not laugh, but shrink before me, like very beggars of light, that ye are; and I will grasp from your gleaming brows the jeweled crown—rend away your glistening garments, and hold ye up *blackened skeletons!* for the laugh and scorn of all angels; and then drive ye out to fill this horrid space of darkness that I now grovel in."

I tremble when I think of that set-to on the door of old eternity?—which I hope is not yet really fallen. I am horribly afraid she will do as she promises, in relation to rending our garments and airing our skeletons, in that unseemly fashion, for the amusement of angels—who are not the people I take them for if they could make game of so much real distress. It isn't pleasant to think of.

Will you be so good as to try and sooth the Captain (her very initials spell "aim!") and persuade her to abandon her fell design, as at least to content herself with a few dozen of us? There's Sirius; he declares he is tired of the dog's life he is leading; and Mercury says for all he knows he might as well be boned in the way proposed as roasted to death. Leverrier, being generally half-frozen, thinks a litle rough handling might warm him up very agreably. Mars is whetting his sword, and vows it shall be a job to handle *him*. Of course few of us will submit without a struggle. I can scratch and bite, and am considered very good at opprobrious epithets. Saturn smiles grimly, when the subject is mentioned, and looks very ugly, Many of the stars wink significantly; and several couples which have been waltzing for ages without cessation, stopped and grinned when they heard of it.

Remembering our numbers, Mr. Editor, you perceive that the enterprising Menken has laid out no ordinary day's work. When it is finally accomplished, and the stellar skeletons are all hung up to dry, you may imagine the grief and rage of astronomers, who will suddenly find themselves in the condition of poor Othello, with starvation in the distance, and many of them having families at that. How will the poets like it, too?—and lovers?—and mothers, whose children may have but just committed to memory the pretty poem commencing—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star?"

I think if you were to draw up a petition to Mrs. H., you could have it numerously subscribed at short notice;—and you would certainly very cheaply earn the gratitude of the Universe in general, and in particular that of

Yours, very truly,

VENUS.

P. S. You dear good man—make it *strong:* strong as ideal punch.

V.

* From "The Fragment of a Heart."

Erudite Law-Makers.

"The people of the State of New-York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact a great many queer laws. Take, for instance, the late "Act to authorize lateral plank, turnpike, or flag-stone roads in Ulster County." Greek is a fool to the first and second sections :—

SECTION 1. Any person or persons are hereby authorized to construct in Ulster County lateral plank, turnpike, or flag stone roads, connecting with any other plank or turnpike road, or the Delaware and Hudson Canal lateral plank or turnpike, or part plank, turnpike, or flag-stone, one or more miles, and erect a gate.

SEC. 2. The present plank and turnpike roads are hereby authorized to relay their roads with heavy flag-stones.

Authorizing roads to relay roads—governing roads—connecting with plank or turnpike roads, or part plank, turnpike, or flag-stone, one or more miles, and erecting a gate——

But this too horrible.

THE POINT OF EVERY JOKE BUT OURS

?

"What is it?"

We Congratulate the South,

And we had almost said—the public. We cut this paragraph from a city journal:

"Col. Fullers "Mince Pie" is not yet cooked, so of course not ready for sale. The Colonel had no intention of going South, as was stated."

We make no doubt that Fuller is a prudent man, and has heard that they are hanging Northerners, farther toward the Tropics, for less crime than publishing twaddle.

What Is It?

Having seen this question asked very extensively and pertinaciously, of late, we beg leave to say that, knowing all the facts, we can positively answer: It Is a Humbug!

Under which King?

The Virginia House of Delegates has introduced a bill requiring all sojourners or passers through her territory to take an oath of allegiance. To which King must they swear it? To Wise or otherwise?

A Solemn Fact.

The Filibusters now in rendezvous at New Orleans, waiting to drop on Sierra Madre, ask for arms. A few weeks only will elapse, and they will want legs more.

Why, don't you know?

PROSPECTUS.—TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

A MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.

The schoolmen have been much exercised of late by the Dictionary war. "A Webster! A Webster!" and "Worcester to the rescue!" have been the battle-cries heard even above the cannon of Nap. 3d, or the roars of the Papal bulls.

This wordy combat has given the subscriber an idea, which he desires to offer the public the benefit of, through the columns of Vanity Fair.

From much intercourse with the ladies, he is convinced that great injustice has been done them by Lexicographers. They—the fair ones—ought to have a special Dictionary. They speak a language eminently their own; incomprehensible to the uninitiated. The uninitiated being that monster at large—Man.

The subscriber proposes to devote himself to this good work, and to compile and publish, *A Dictionary of words and phrases, as used by the women of America, in the 19th Century, defined by the relative standards of the male vocabulary.*

To this end, the subscriber solicits the aid of his countrywomen. He begs each and all to send him a list of such peculiar words or idioms as, within their own knowledge, are used to convey meanings different from the established definitions of Webster or Worcester. With a view to stimulate the zeal of the *collaborateuses*, the subscriber offers the following unprecedented premiums—to wit:—To every lady sending twenty approved definitions of as many feminine expressions, an elegant copy of the Dictionary, gilt-edged—when it appears. To every contributor of ten or more, less than twenty, a costly steel engraving, expressly executed for any purpose. To every contributor of five or more, less than ten—the sincere thanks of the subscriber, and the privilege of having her initial attached to her contributions. All contributors of less than five will receive the thanks, equally sincere,—without the additional privilege.

In order to develope his idea more fully, the subscriber presents below a few examples of the style and matter wanted from the lady contributors:—

Feminine words, etc.	*Definitions according to male vocab.*
Awfully.	1. Great, unbecoming, unfashionable. *Ex:* a bore, a moustache, a dress, etc. 2. Very, slightly, somewhat, more or less. *Ex:* cold, warm, tall, short, slow, fast, stupid, vexatious, etc.
All over everything.	Drops of liquid, or minute fragments of solids falling upon apparel, carpets, table-cloths, etc., and covering spaces varying from a square inch to a foot, are said to be "all over everything."
Arrange things.	To place or secrete articles in corners, cupboards, or wherever they will require much inconvenient search and removal when wanted.
Cleaning House.	Language is impotent to define the pandemonium indicated by these two words.
Dear.	A chameleon word, used in every mood, but chiefly sarcastic, and applied to the partner of her bosom.
Five minutes.	Any period from half an hour to half a day, according to who waits and what is waited for.
Gracious! Goodness! Mercy!	Exclamations delicately insinuating delight, alarm or surprise.
Horrid.	Synonymous with Awful
In a moment.	Ditto with five minutes.
Lovely, to love.	1. Agreeable, elegant, tasteful, artistic, clever. *Ex:* a walk, a piece of furniture, a bonnet, a voice of prima donna, a picture, etc. 2. To admire, to be fond of, to rather like, to desire. *Ex:* landscapes, poodles, cream-cakes, a set of diamonds, etc.
Shameful. Scandalous.	Any extravagance, flirtation, or kindred folly which the fair speaker has been unable to compass, and in which a rival has succeeded

The subscriber has written the above definitions with considerable diffidence and hesitation, feeling his inability to translate fully the mysteries of the feminine dialect, but they are merely offered as indices of the manner in which he wishes the contributions to be made. He concludes by earnestly entreating the coöperation of the ladies in this immense (speaking femininely) enterprise, and requesting that all communications be addressed—to this office—their most obsequious servitor,

Phineas S. Phynks, L.F.

George Law's Railroad-Signal.

Signal Failure.

LADY.—You had better take my advice, Sambo, and use the Japanese Polish.

SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile, sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub emup beat, dat's a fact.

Perry's Japanese Boot & Shoe Polish is rapidly tak'ng the place of Blacking. No rubbing is required, as the polish appears immediately upon its application. It does not soil the finest fabric in any weather, and its lustre is retained for a great length of time as water does not affect it. The leather is preserved by it, and boots and shoes on which it is used, last much longer.

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See Advertisement in another Column.

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